

NUMBER 345

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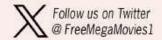




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We got a call from Domenic last month to come along and shoot him hooking up with Daya. She's a smoking hot babe he picked up at the mall, and she was horny, vey horny. Nothing but ass, titties, and curves. He got her over to the house and she started off with a super hot blowjob, something she obviously loved to do.







































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Lola's over at her professor's house to confront him about the failing grade he just gave her. He explains that he knew she'd complain and come by, but he quickly told her that the F means he wants to Fuck her. He then thought more about it having second thoughts, but when she dropped her panties and put his cock in her mouth, it's way too late!











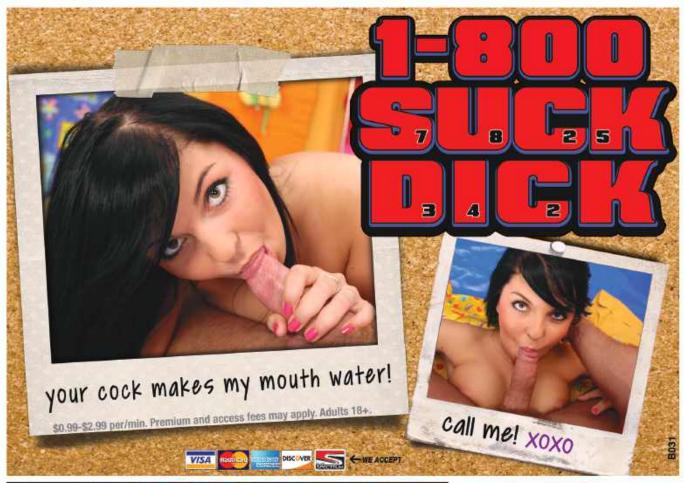






















BODIES IN HEAT

Surefire tricks to turn your mate into a lusty sex machine

Sex with the woman in your life may be good, but tell the truth: Don't you occasionally dream of seeing her transformed into the kind of crazed nymph who'd strut around shamelessly in daring outfits, thrusting herself boldly at you or sucking you into her silken webs of seduction? Wouldn't you sometimes like to turn her suppressed moans of orgasm into uninhibited fist-pounding screams, feel her digging her nails into your back, and hear her call you lewd names?

Don't be caught in the trap of thinking that erotic personalities are as unchangeable as shoe sizes. Inside virtually every woman is a raging tigress struggling to be set loose, but it's up to you to open the cage. If you really want your woman to start acting sexier, you've got to provide her with motivation. And you can accomplish that in four easy steps.

Feed the Tigress

Women for generations were discouraged from playing any kind of aggressive role in sex. Even with equality many still harbor subconscious fears of coming on too strong. They'll purposely not act as sexy as they want to, only because they're afraid it might frighten a guy away or make him think of them as cheap.

Reassure your woman that being aggressive is okay. And don't beat around the bush about it; tell her so, straight out, and you might even see instant results. In most cases though it will take more than just permission to attack you to get a woman's aggressive juices flowing. You've got to build up her self-confidence, make her feel like the erotic bombshell you know she can be, before she'll begin acting that way. In other words, you've got to feed the tigress in her.

"I'd spend hours and a fortune putting myself together for Bob," says Emily. "But he never seemed to notice. On my salary it really hurt to lay out hundreds of dollars for sexy dresses, pretty haircuts, spike heels and sexy underwear, only to have him ignore them. All he ever wanted to do was get my clothes off and start banging as soon as possible, which was fine and fun



but certainly didn't make me feel like the sex goddess I was trying to be for him."

Compliments cost nothing and can pay off wonderfully in horny dividends. Just take the time to stop, look, and tell her how fantastic she is, not only when you're lying on top of her and trying to make her come but whenever she goes to special lengths to be attractive for you.

"Our whole sex life changed when Paul decided to take some pics of me," recalls Lydia. "Until then I'd hardly ever heard a compliment from him, except for things like 'You're good, baby!' whenever we'd be fucking. I'd never even realized during our six-month relationship that he was into a woman's legs. "We were out in his backyard, going through the usual smiling portraits, when he suddenly said, 'How about showing some leg for this one?' Just the fact that a dude would want pictures of my legs was exciting to me. I'd worn shiny new pantyhose that day, hoping to attract Paul's attention, and when it worked, that turned me on.

"I started showing Paul leg, all right, lots of it Lying back on the chaise lounge, I took my shoes off, pulled up my skirt, and raised my limbs in the kind of pointy-toe poses that made Paul's eyes pop out 'What a pair of legs, baby!' he kept saying as he tried desperately to steady the camera. The more he went on complimenting them and snapping pictures, the more sexily I tried to pose.

"When Paul said my legs were giving him 'the biggest hard-on in history,' I lost control. Even though I knew his neighbors were probably watching us, I tore off my skirt and posed in just my pantyhose, kicking and



squealing and petting myself.

Paul couldn't stand watching anymore. He threw himself on top of me, pulled down my stockings and filled me with his big hard-on. I never came so hard before in my life, as my excited screams echoed through all the backyards of the neighborhood."

Offer sincere praise to a woman, but remember that constantly complimenting everything—from her earrings to her hair is laying it on too thick. Instead, be genuine. Notice new outfits or hairstyles, and if you like them, say so.

Use Jealousy

Jealousy is one of the toughest problems we have to deal with in any relationship. You wouldn't be normal if you didn't feel the rage of envy punching you in the gut whenever you think your woman finds another dude attractive, or if you discover that some other jerk has been putting the moves on her. And don't forget, she experiences the same kinds of feelings about you.

But there are different ways of handling jealousy.

One is to sweat it and let it make you even more suspicious. The other is to make constructive use of your jealous thoughts and hers. You'll discover they can be effective tools in your efforts to motivate a woman to be sexier. (There are some warnings: You must be a together person to use jealousy to your advantage and so must your woman. Any doubts about your attractiveness or masculinity can become roadblocks to enjoying the benefits a little jealousy can bring to your sex life.)

How can jealousy motivate your woman to increased sexiness? In two ways. One, by the competition each sex feels for members of its own group. Two, by the different image you'll get of your woman when you see her through the eyes of other guys.

In the first case, you'd be naive to believe that your partner doesn't already detect any attraction between you and other chicks. She sees your eyes follow the curves of a passing piece and knows instinctively when your best buddy's girl has started stroking you with her foot under the table.

"Our whole sex life changed when Paul decided to take some pics of me," recalls Lydia. "Until then I'd hardly ever heard a compliment from him, except for things like 'You're good, baby!"fucking.

Instead of attempting to conceal such incidents, try lighting fires with them, appealing to her sense of competitiveness. But don't overdo it and give her the impression you find other women more attractive than she is. Try it this way: "Man, look at the way she's stuffed into those jeans. I'd bet they'd look even better on you!" Or, "Did you know Olivia made a pass at me tonight? Of course, I'd never take her up on it but it looks like something about me turns her on."

Either statement will get the competitive juices flowing in your woman's body and motivate her to be sexier for you. And so can the other side of that coin, the one that deals with her attractiveness to other guys. How? By changing the way you think of her and the way she thinks of herself.

Caroline describes a case that's common in America, where the freewheeling European brand of erotic jealousy games has never taken hold. Think about what your reaction would be if Caroline were your wife.

"I had a big guilt problem about an incident that happened to me," she says. "Knowing what a jealous husband Mike is, and the prim and proper image of me we both shared, I was scared to death to tell him about it. Finally I took a deep breath one evening and went to clear my conscience.

"'Darling,' I said. 'On the elevator at work last week a man fondled my ass.' Mike looked at me quizzically.

"'I'm sure every girl in your office has had her ass pinched in those elevators,' he said.

"'Yes,' I sighed. 'But this was different. It was more

than just a simple feeling-up and I... I helped him do it.'

"You helped who?" Mike asked with surprised anaer.

"'Danny, the new guy in the mailroom."

"'That punk with the muscles you told me about last month? The one with such a big lump in his pants, you and your girlfriends talked about?'

"'Yes,' I gulped, wishing I'd kept my big mouth shut

"'And just what the hell went on between you and this kid?'

"Mike was seething, but I knew I couldn't back off. 'When I got on the elevator and saw him there, I pur-



posely stood in front of him,' I said. 'He just seemed so... so cute, that I suddenly decided it would be fun to let him pat my ass a little. He's always feeling the other girls' asses and they just see it as his way of flirting. Anyway, a crowd came along and without any warning my butt got wedged up against him. Oh Mike, I could feel his erection growing! It was so long and hard I started getting excited. It started out as an innocent game. I really didn't mean to...'

"Go on,' said Mike, half as angry as I expected.

"'He reached down,' I stuttered, 'and began rubbing and feeling my butt cheeks. I don't know what came over me, but I actually enjoyed it. In fact, I took his hands and started guiding them.'

"'Exactly where?' asked Mike from his chair.

"'Up under my skirt,' I answered, sobbing. 'Up and down my legs and all over the back of my panties. It felt

so wonderful I kept swaying my ass, making him rub me faster and faster!'

"My husband was silent, staring at me mysteriously." Then,' I continued, trying to swallow, 'he—oh, god—he started pushing his finger up my ass, panties and all. He asked me if it hurt and I said no. He asked me if I liked it and... Michael... I said yes. It was so exciting, like a dick, and I'd never felt anything like it before. I kept wiggling my ass until his finger was pressing up into me, then I rode on it, bouncing and squirming until the elevator reached my floor.

"'That's when he pulled it out, but I kept my skirt raised and began sliding my ass against his hard-on. Just before the doors opened, I held his penis between my butt cheeks and squeezed, trying to make it pump. Michael, I apologize! It was all so crazy!'

"'Did he come?' my husband asked, rubbing his crotch.

He asked me for every detail, breathing heavier than my younger admirer as I guided his hands up and down my legs and all around my ass.

"'Yes,' I half whispered. 'His penis was so big it filled my whole crack, and he just kept pumping and pumping until we got to the next floor. I'm sorry! I swear to you nothing like that will ever happen again!'

"I'd been so busy confessing, I hadn't even noticed Mike's reaction to the whole thing. Instead of being ready to kill me, he looked very turned on.

"'Show me what you wore that day,' he said in a strange voice. 'Dress exactly the same way.'

"I was deathly afraid that when Mike saw the skimpy skirt, the glossy nylons and, especially, the same sheer panties he'd jokingly warned me never to wear outside the bedroom, his delayed explosion would take place. I was sure he'd figure I'd planned the whole elevator incident in advance, which wasn't true.

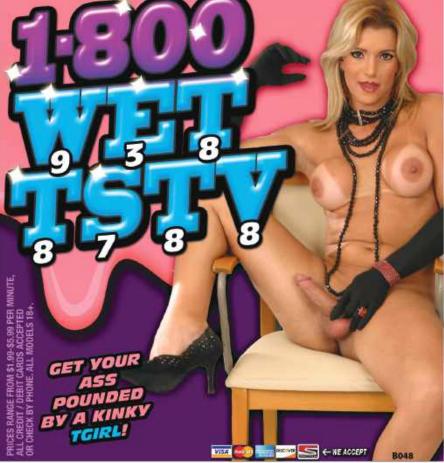
"'Oh, my god,' he groaned, obviously imagining a young dude's reaction to the tight, sexy outfit. But instead of yelling, as I expected, Mike started to recreate what had happened, playing Danny's role himself. He asked me for every detail, breathing heavier than my younger admirer as I guided his hands up and down my legs and all around my ass.

"'I don't blame the kid!' Mike kept saying as he rubbed and squeezed, patted and stroked, just like Danny. Finally he drove his finger up my asshole, sending wild thrills through my body.

"Instead of ejaculating between my cheeks like Danny, though, my husband tossed me over his shoulder and rushed with me to the bedroom, where he stripped me down and then shoved his erection deep into my asshole. He kept plunging it into me until I thought I'd pass out from the pleasure-pain. We had anal sex three times that night. My first time ever!







"Since then I've certainly never done anything like what I did in the elevator. But now I tell Mike the details of every sexual incident I can recall. He says that knowing how much I turn other guys on has changed his prudish image of me. And thinking about all those guys who've made passes makes me feel and act sexier too."

Show Her What You Want

Women aren't mind readers, so you have to let them know just what "sexy" means to you. The old "one man's meat" formula applies more to sexual tastes than to anything else.

A guy might think his woman is acting "sexier" to-



ward him if she uses obscene language, but another man might be turned off by dirty talk. A guy with a big thing for breasts could define "acting sexier" as having his woman wear low-cut tops, while a dude with a foot fetish would say it means having her wear high heels.

If you never tell her what it is you'd like her to do, then there's no one to blame but yourself if she doesn't do it. If, for example, you think she should be wearing a particular item of clothing to turn you on, then go out and buy it for her yourself. Yes, you might be embarrassed to go strolling into the ladies lingerie department, asking the salesgirl for a bra or panties or stockings. But just keep thinking about the end result—how your woman will look in it. Or if you simply can't handle the idea, then get it for her online.

The important thing is that you let your secret out of

the closet instead of keeping it to yourself. "Why doesn't she wear sexy bikinis instead of those one-piece bathing suits?" you might ask. The answer: Because you didn't tell her that you like bikinis and you also didn't say how good you think she'd look in one.

Give Her What She Wants

Acting sexier isn't a one-way street. If you want your woman to be more erotic, to fulfill all your homiest fantasies, then you've got to start doing the same for her. It wasn't forever that women have felt free enough to react to a well-built guy the way men have always reacted when they see a hot-bodied female.

While you're scratching your head about how to make your woman act sexier, she may be doing the very same thing about you. Sex is a reciprocal contract—if you go out of your way to respond to her desires, chances are she'll be falling over herself to do the same for you.

If you never tell her what it is you'd like her to do, then there's no one to blame but yourself if she doesn't do it.

"I used to look at those tiny men's bathing suits in ads and laugh," remembers Cal. "I wouldn't be caught dead in one. They were like—I don't know—feminine to me with some guy's ass crack showing in the back and his balls stuffed into a pink pouch with a picture of a banana or a pair of lips on it. Then Doreen and her friends went to a male strip joint and she came back with her eyes glazed and her panties soaking wet. Soon she turned into an addict going to those shows twice a week and being so exhausted from masturbating that she hardly had enough energy left to fuck me.

"Finally I went with some other guys to a performance one night when men were allowed in, so we could check this bullshit out. I was shocked. Yeah, some of those guys were built like studs, but prancing around in satin bikinis? Come on! It wasn't exactly what I'd call macho.

"But shit, I couldn't deny how the chicks were reacting—shrieking, pounding their pussies, taking their clothes off, and stuffing money in the guy's briefs. One stud popped his nude cock out for a tableful of college girls alongside of us and those honeys were feeling and grabbing like they were nut jobs. One girl bit his naked ass and another one dropped her pants and frigged herself off right in front of him!

"It took some guts but the next day I went into a sex shop and bought myself a transparent posing strap. I thought I'd feel like a real asshole walking around in it, but the minute Doreen saw me it was Fuck City. She went bonkers, pulling at my dick. After I banged her twice around the living room floor, she gave me the most fantastic blowjob of my life. Now, I've got a dresser full of jocks and straps and Doreen doesn't need to go to strip joints!"



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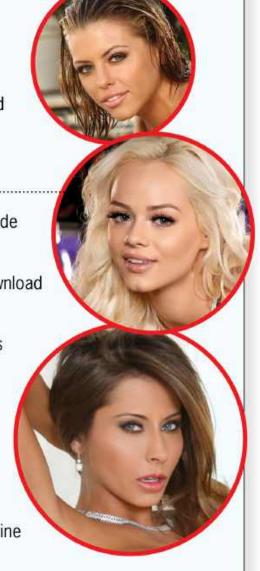


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Bridgette's back with us for another hot session. This time it's all about her lingerie, and of course, her pleasure. She brought some ultra-sexy bras and panties, but this little lacey black number was just the bomb. While she looks absolutely great in it, she looks even better out of it. We loved every minute of the shoot!

















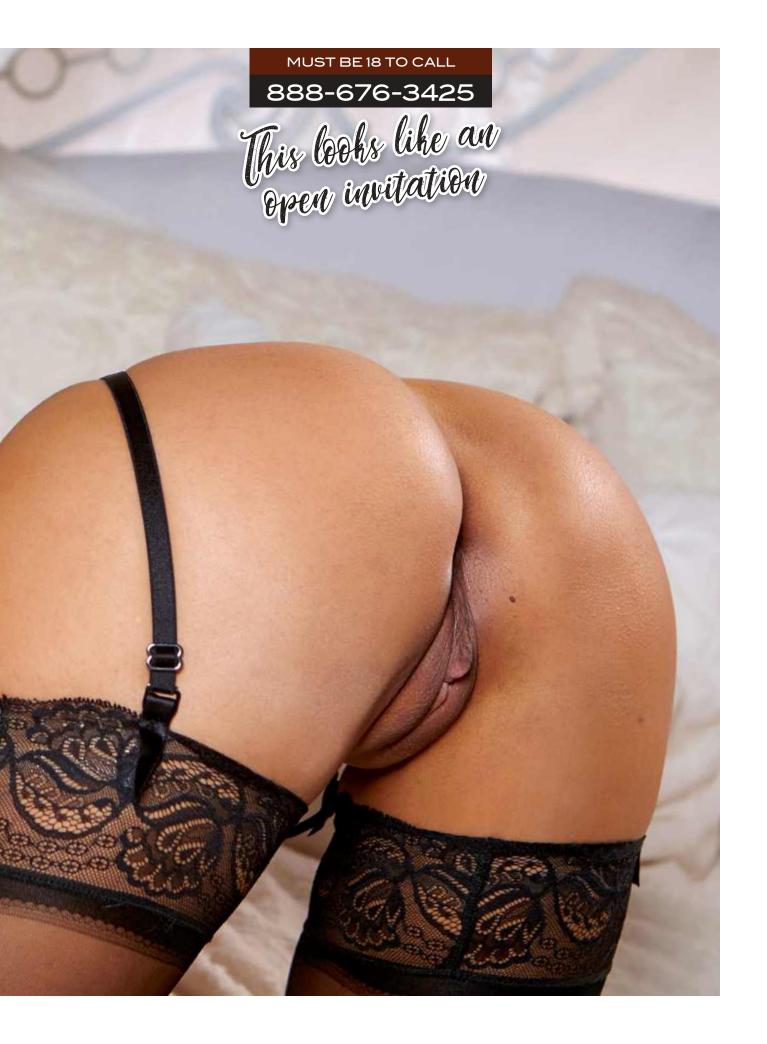
























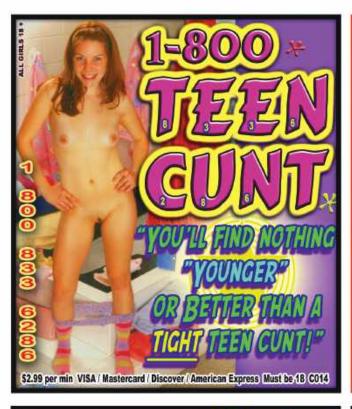




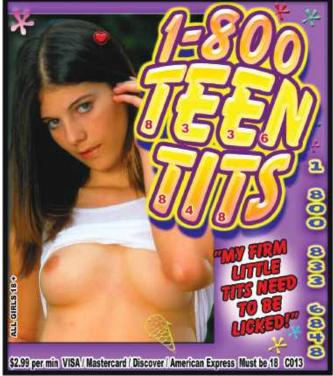






















































Mine was the only red door in the entire subdivision. And with good reason.

"I absolutely love it!" exclaimed Sandy Jenkins. "Do you?" I asked.

"You bet," she said. "Talk about eyepopping."

My next-door neighbor regarded my newly painted front door. Mine was the only red door in the entire subdivision. And with good reason. The Cedar Creek Homeowner's Association ruled our neighborhood with an iron fist. Their way or the highway. No questions asked. Unfortunately, "their way" was boring and bland . . .

Residents not adhering to their conservative decorative standards were ordered to comply, or else. Both Sandy and I had seen our share of neighbors hit with substantial fines, and even one who had been dragged into court for erecting a fence around his property which failed to mesh with the association's strict guidelines.

"I can't believe they approved the color." My neighbor shook her head with bewilderment. "I wanted to paint mine a funky purple, but they said no can do——"

"Ask again, Sandy. Perhaps they've loosened their standards."

"I'll say," she replied, standing their on my porch with her hands on her hips.

The smell of paint still permeated the air. I had finished the job just that morning, opting to do it myself

instead of paying a professional. I couldn't wait to show Mike. My husband was going to flip. In a good way, of course.

He loved to see me indulge my "artistic side"—his words, not mine. "Creativity," he was fond of saying, "is salve for the soul." Mike would know. As a highly successful copywriter at a big advertising firm, my hubby was nothing if not creative. Thankfully, he was paid handsomely to do what he loved. Otherwise, we could've never lived in Cedar Creek.

Sandy moseyed back to her house, leaving me to admire my handiwork. It was a few minutes shy of noon. Unlike Glenn and Adam, Mike worked too far away to come home for lunch. Glenn was vice president of the homeowner's association, Adam the treasurer. I had the two of them to thank for my beautiful red door.

After all, they were the ones who had given my project the green light.

I can be very persuasive . . .

Glenn and Adam pulled into my driveway, one after the other, like clockwork. Both sporting business/casual attire, they applauded my efforts.

"It looks good, Megan," Glenn said. "I'm impressed."

"Same here," Adam added. "I love that shade of red."













Of course, they hadn't come here to admire my front door. The vice president and treasurer much preferred my rear entrance, evidenced by previous encounters in which they had plundered it good and proper. "I can't believe they approved the color," Sandy had said. Well, I could—especially after I had offered to fuck Glenn and Adam on a regular basis.

No sooner had we entered my house than the clothes came off. I sucked their cocks right there in the

It must've been a week later while walking my dog that I noticed Sandy's front door. The bland beige had been replaced by that funky purple she loved so much. And that's not all. Two cars, Glenn's and Adam's, were parked in her driveway. It didn't take a master detective to decipher the situation. Well, I

> I wasn't jealous in the least. Hell, I was actually relieved.

My poor backdoor needed a rest! Cindy M., Tampa, FL

NASTY HABIT

they had collected their clothes and returned to work.

Glenn was a lawyer. I had no idea what Adam did.

thought amusedly, good for you, Sandy.

"Do you have to smoke?" I asked

"I always smoke after sex." She exhaled theatrically, filling her bedroom with all manner of deadly carcinogens. "What's the big deal?"

"I'm trying to quit," I told her.

And it was true. I hadn't had a cigarette in almost three weeks. The slightest temptation could prove disastrous. Brooke knew this but didn't seem to care. Callous bitch. My resolve weakened with each and every one of her selfish puffs.

I lay there beside her in bed, a pillow propped behind my head, trying hard to contain my anger. The sex had been good. Now she had to ao and ruin it with one of her damnable coffin nails. She could've stepped outside to smoke. Or moved to another room.

"I hope you get cancer," I said disgustedly.

"Thanks a lot."

"You're welcome."

I climbed out of bed and proceeded to get dressed.

"You're leaving?" Brooke asked.

"I'm going for a walk," I said. "The fresh air will do me good."

"Enjoy," she remarked sarcastically.

It was a nice day. Not too hot, not too cold. Perfect weather for a walk. Still, I had no intention of remaining outside. I walked the three blocks to Christy's place. Christy was my counselor. She specialized in addiction and had been helping me kick my smoking habit. I needed her now more than ever.

Christy saw clients at her apartment. Of course, I didn't have an appointment. My visit was spur of the



foyer, kneeling on the hardwood floor as they towered above me. I blew Glenn while stroking Adam, blew Adam while stroking Glenn. My mouth and hand worked overtime, providing much pleasure for all involved. Still, my ass was itching for a reaming.

Having hastened to the master bedroom, I lay on the bed with my legs spread and took it up the keister. Glenn moved on top of me, panting and grunting as he drilled my derriere with his big cock. Adam lay beside, waving his sizable schlong in my face. I opened wide, allowing him to fuck my mouth, which he did with a frenzied stabbing motion.

Glenn cried out loudly, filling my caboose with hot spunk. Exhausted, he withdrew and rolled off of me. Adam pulled out of my mouth and took his turn. His cock wasn't as big as Glenn's, but he could work it like nobody's business. Pushing my legs back and bending me like a taco shell, he pummeled my pooper with a salvo of deep and powerful thrusts.

I came shortly before Adam exploded inside me. I felt the cum, Glenn's and Adam's, oozing from my ravaged hole. I remained there on the bed long after







moment. But I was in crisis mode. Surely, she would be willing to see me, if only for a few minutes. I needed a kind word or two, a shoulder to cry on . . .

Luckily Christy was home. Even better, she had an hour to kill between appointments and was more than happy to squeeze me in.

"Thank you so much, Christy," I told her. "You're the best."

The session commenced in the cozy sunroom



where she counseled her clients. Sitting opposite her on a comfy loveseat, I related the Brook incident. Christy listened attentively.

"You deserve better," she said after I had finished my spiel.

She was right. No big surprise. Christy was always right. I was fortunate to have found such a good counselor. She had a sterling reputation.

"I don't know what to do," I told her. "If I stay with Brook—well, it won't be long before I start smoking again. And I don't want to do that. I'm serious about quitting this time."

"Leave her."

It wasn't that easy. Brooke had a hold on me. She was a fantastic fuck, the best piece of ass I had ever had. I was hopelessly addicted to that tight pussy.

"You're addicted to the sex," Christy stated matterof-factly. "You can't imagine life without it . . ."

"Yes," I admitted shamefully, unable to look my counselor in the eye.

"I can help you with that," she told me, "but only if you'll let me . . ."

No sooner had the words left her mouth than she got out of her chair and knelt before me. Her hands reached for my belt.

"Christy, what are you—"

"Quiet. Just sit there and enjoy yourself."

She freed my cock and commenced to sucking it with sloppy perfection. I had entertained such fantasies in the past. After all, Christy was an attractive blonde with big tits. And I was nothing if not a hot-

blooded male with a healthy sex drive. But never in a million years did I think these fantasies would actually come true.

Christy pumped me good and proper. She moaned and groaned around my prick. Giving head turned her on in a big way. She slid a hand under her skirt and started playing with herself. Her mounting excitement prompted me to place my hands atop her head and thrust my hips. I fucked her face in earnest, driving my dick into the back of her throat.

Moments later she took a breather. Her hair in disarray, saliva dribbling down her chin, she took off her skirt and panties. Then she climbed on the loveseat and straddled me. She grasped my cock with her hand and guided me inside her snatch;

this while I unbuttoned her blouse, unfastened her bra, and liberated those big tits.

They bounced in my face as she rode me with her juicy pussy. She established an effective rhythm with her shapely hips. I did exactly as she had instructed me to do. I sat there and enjoyed myself, never more than when she climbed out of my lap and returned to the floor.

Crouching before me, Christy leaned forward and finished me with her finest feature. She squeezed her tits together, creating a snug crevice for my cock, then moved them up and down until I popped off on her face.

I left Christy's apartment a new man, a stronger man. I walked straight to Brooke's place and told her to go to hell. This was months ago. I'm still tobaccofree. And life without Brook has proved surprisingly easy. Chirsty has been a tremendous help in this regard.

Mine is a classic case of trading one nasty habit for another!

Bryant J., Grand Rapids, MI



































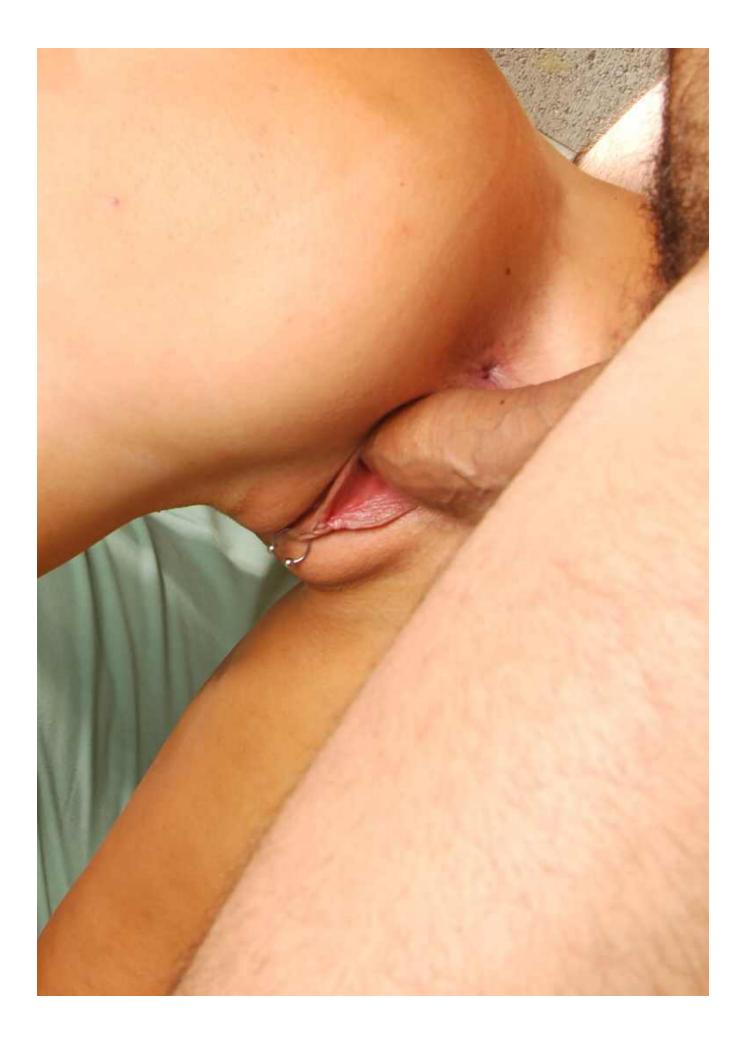














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